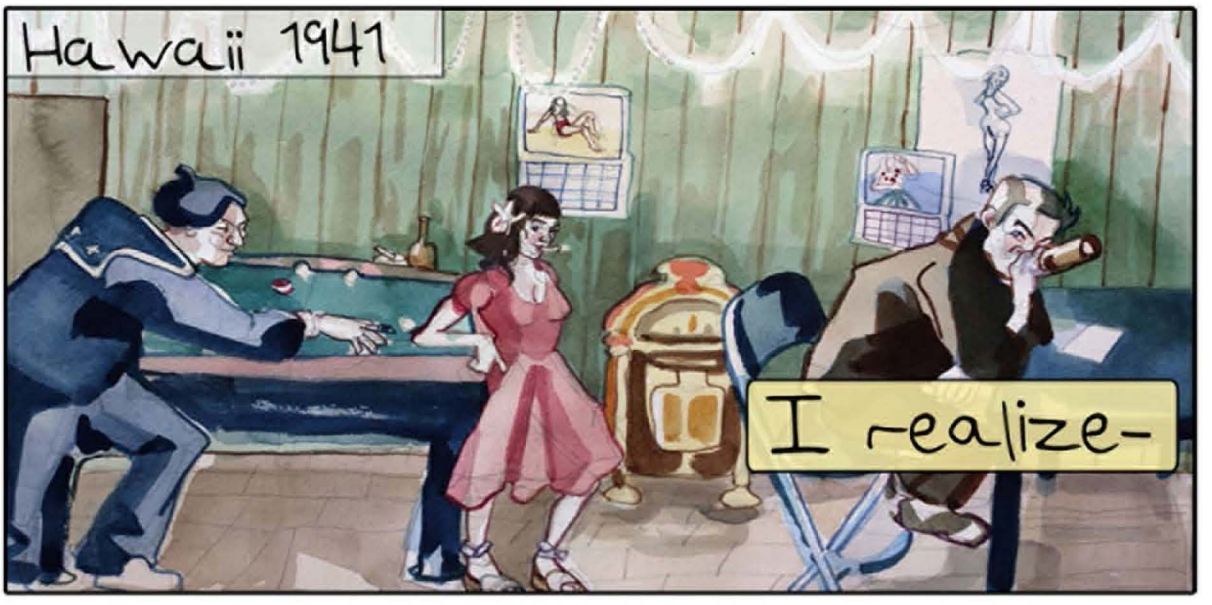
ROSENCRANTZ GUILDENSTERN

STORY
MAURICIO LE SAGE
RUDOLPH RIHNER

ART
RACHEL MERRILL

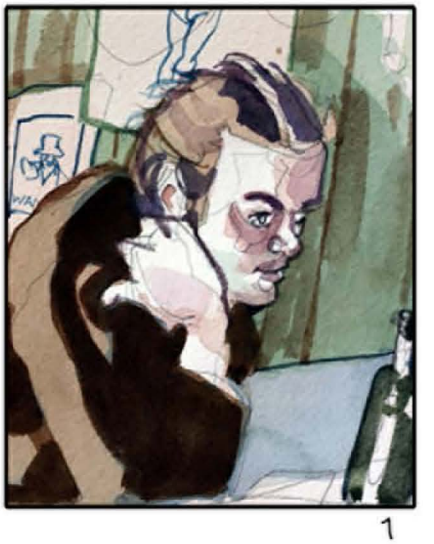
THIS TIME IT'S DIFFERENT


Hawaii 1941
I realize-

I realize we were never meant for much, but after it all we can't even find our boat. And I know what you're going to say:
WANTED
"But you have a letter!"
ENGLAND

Useless.

Who's we?



click
click
Blue champagne
Gyaa!
Purple shadows and blue champagne
With the echoes that still remain
I keep a blue rendezvouz

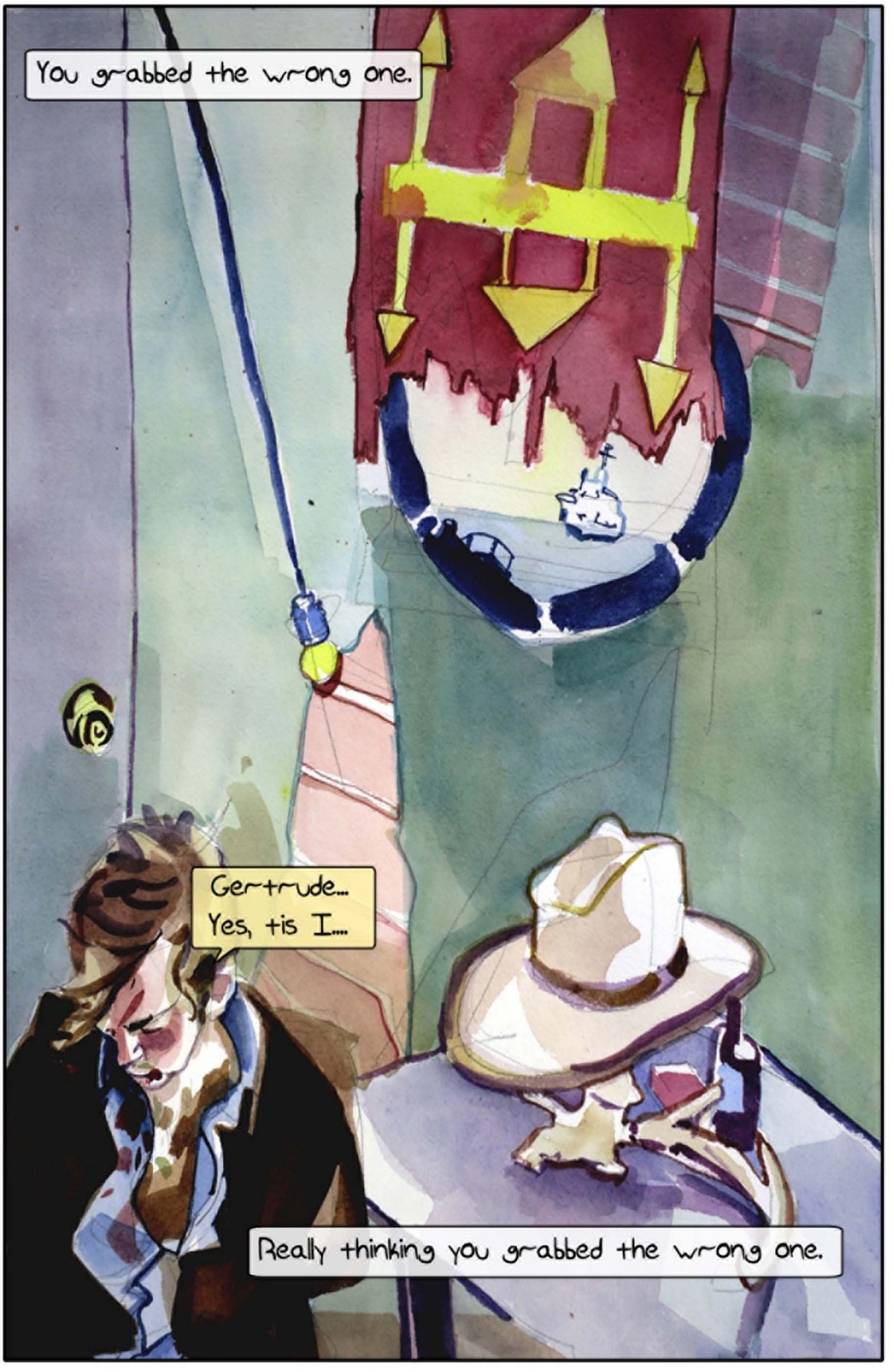
Bubbles rise like a fountain before my eyes
WANTED

And they suddenly crystallize to form a vision of you

All the plans we started
Now, Guildenstern!
All the songs we sang

Each little dream we knew
If this is what it means to be lost, I never-
Seems to overtake me like a boomerang

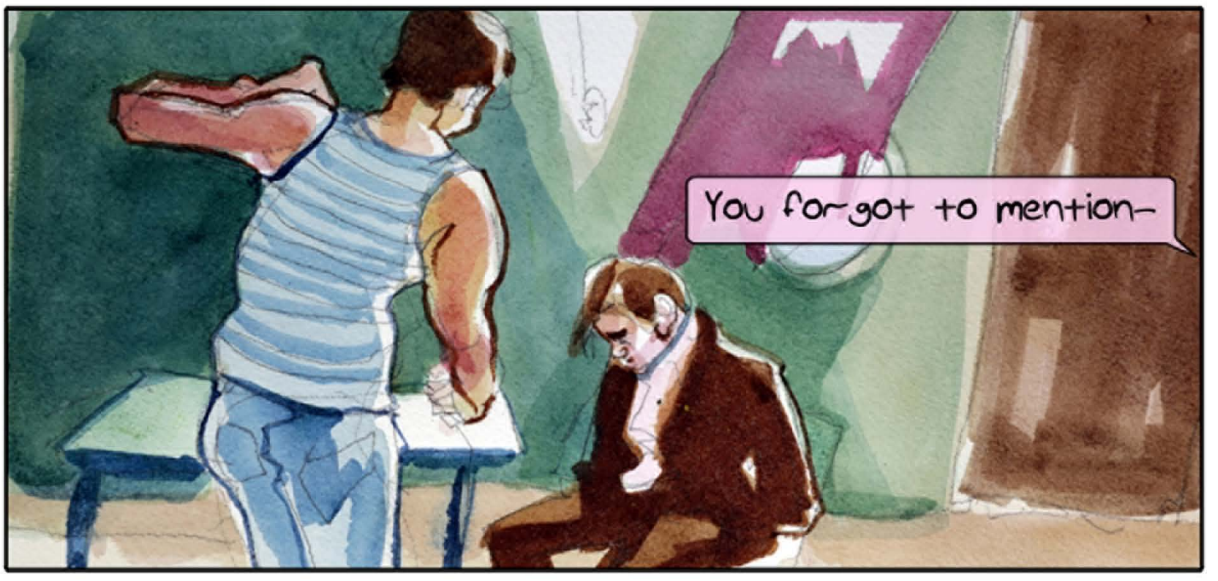
Blue is the sparkle
Gone is the tang
ENGLAND
-mean to be found.


You grabbed the wrong one.
Gertrude...
Yes, tis I....
Really thinking you grabbed the wrong one.

Shit, I'm sorry boss. They was together and even look alike.
Look, he's coming to.
Rise and shine, bub.
Your friend took my woman, my money, and my hat. How's you gonna make amends?
Rosencrantz? In what regards-
Guy talks funny. Canadian or something.
I think he's Danish, Frank.
UGH!

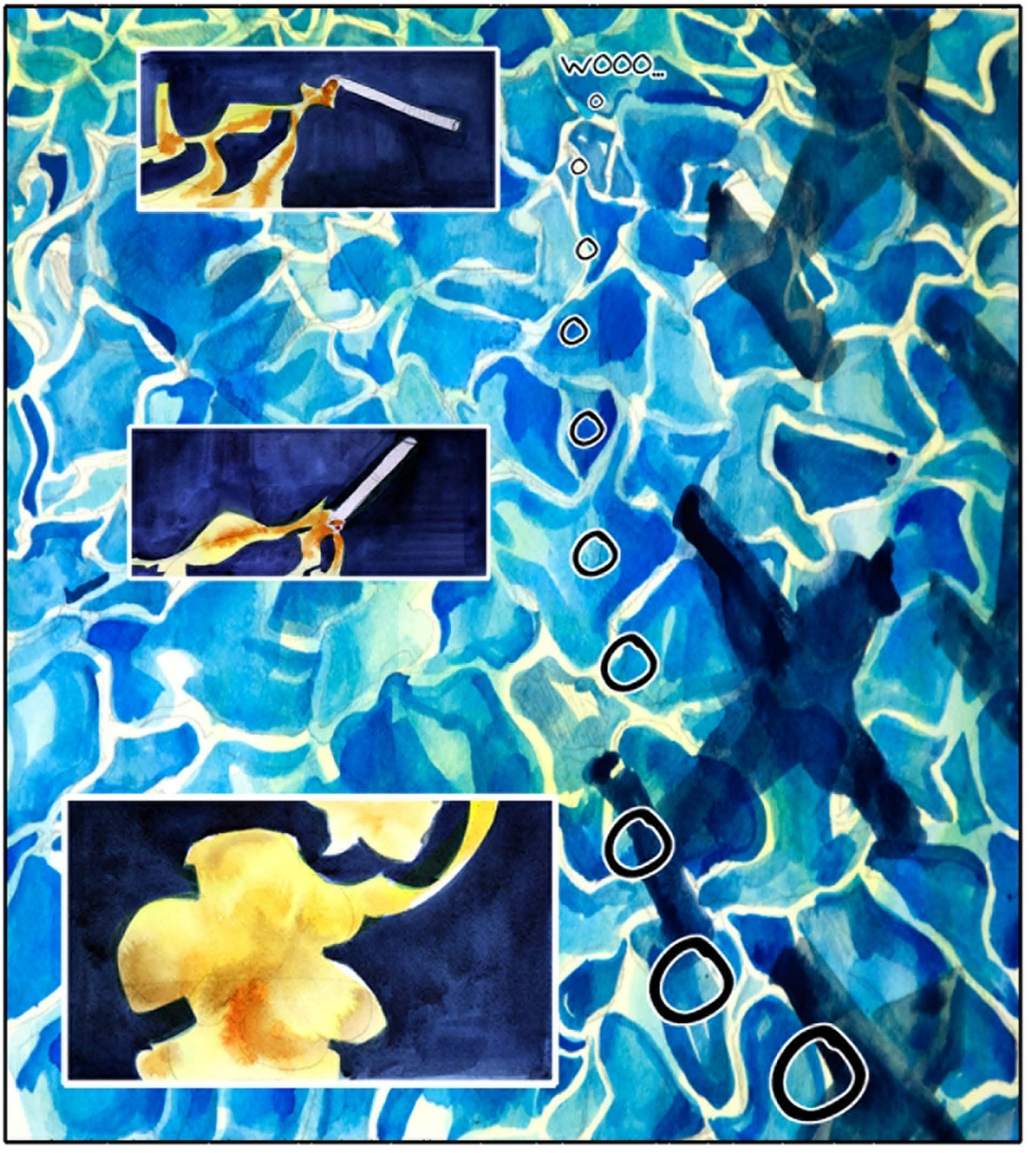
You don't understand. We were summoned—
Where's Guildenstern?!
I AM GUILDENSTERN!

We're only told–
Being of so young days brought up with him...
...sith so neighbor'd to his youth and havior–
Glean what afflicts him.
And we even warned them–
On fortune's cap we are not the very button!
Still, they put us on a boat.
Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage.
But the voyage never ends. We're so tired, so tired of voyaging!

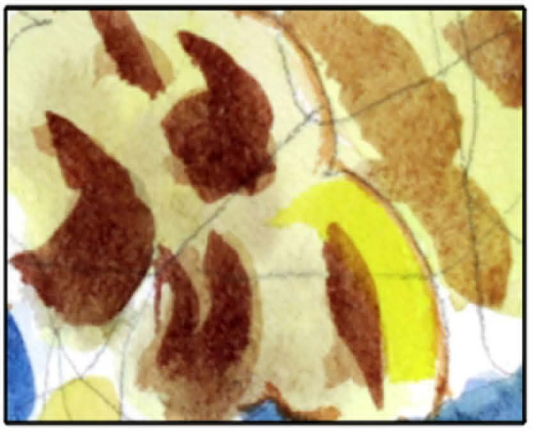

You for-got to mention-

Well,

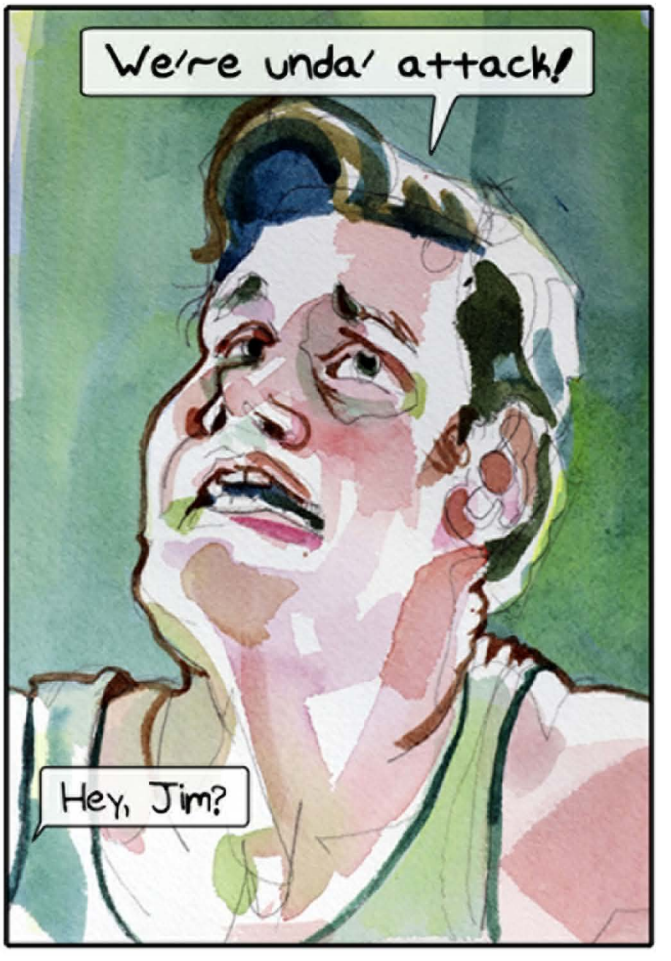
it doesn't matter now.


WOOO...

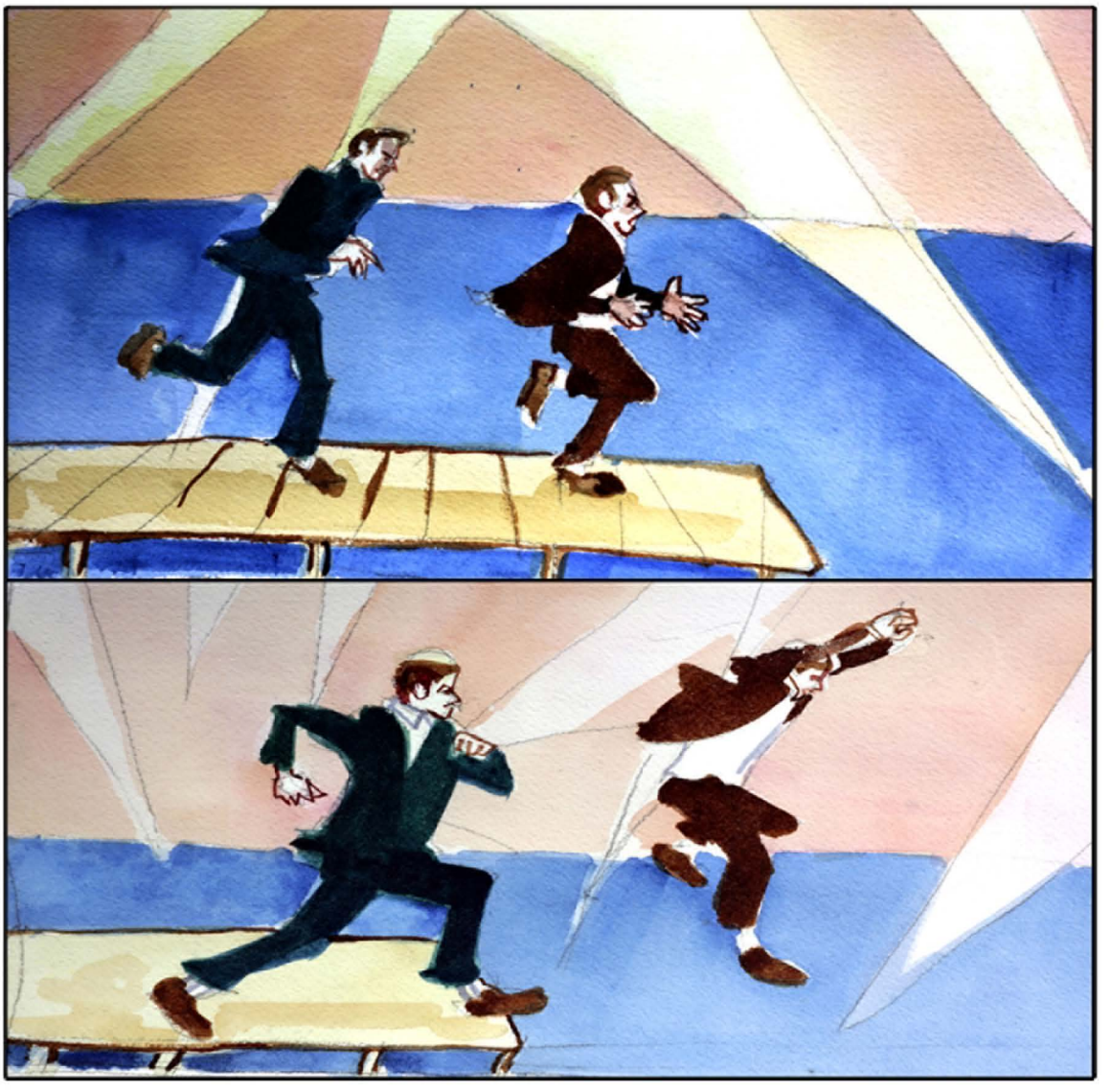
KABOOM!

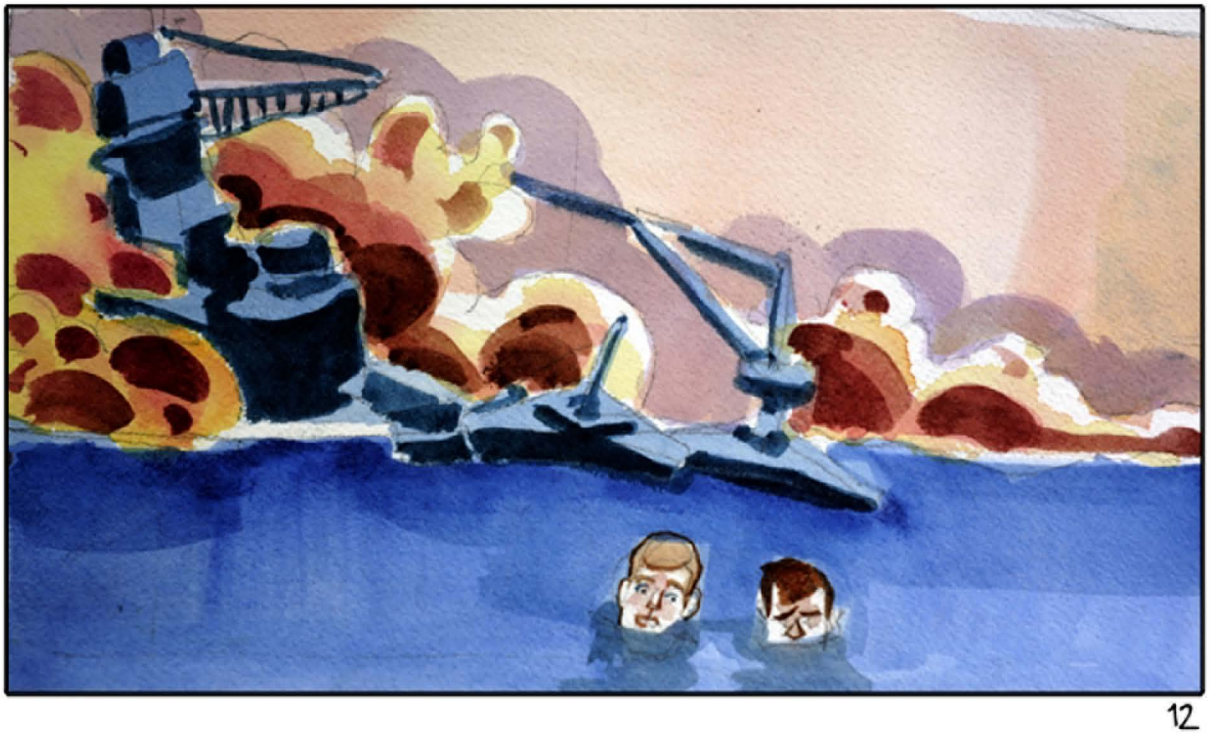


What the hell was that?!

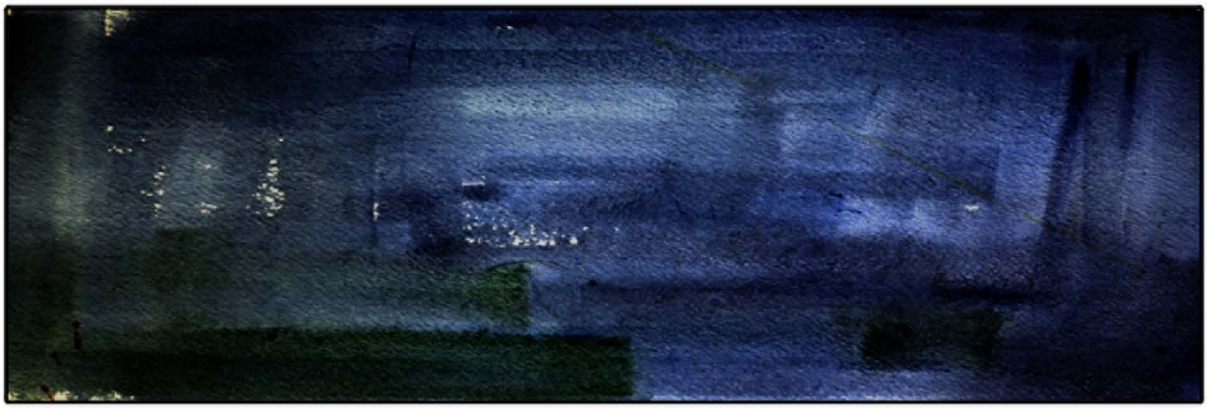

We're unda' attack!
Hey, Jim?

Where'd the clowns go?





Was that your plan?
We'll tell others that it was.
Oh, is that our boat?
Yes. Yes, it is.



Don't worry. Boats come and go.

He is still out there scared and naked, and we're stranded.

This seems like a good stopping point anyway.

And we've got the letter, among things.

croak
END